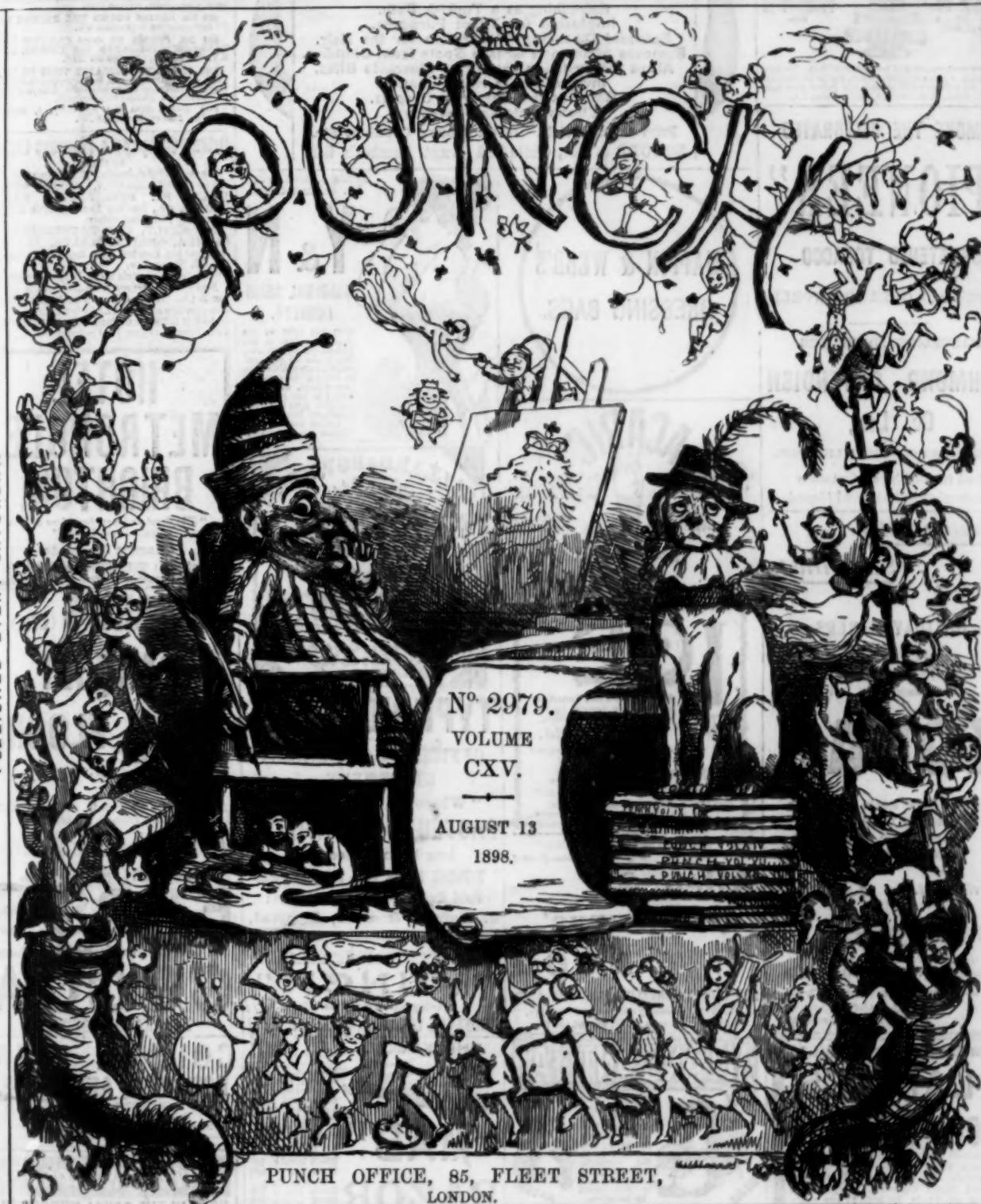


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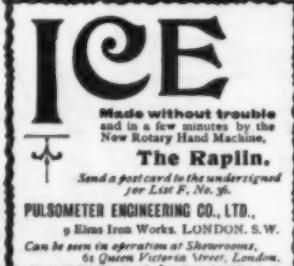
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Self-Digesting.

Sold Everywhere.
In Tins, 1/-, 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Infants Food



Nurse. "TOMMY, THERE'S SOME JAM ON YOUR CHEEK."

Tommy (with interest). "THERE ISN'T ANY WORTH EATING, IS THERE?"

DARBY JONES ON LAND AND SEA RACING.

HONOURABLE SIR.—During my sojourn on the Sea, my thoughts have nevertheless turned with the Persistency of a Lover to the Main Attraction of *Terra Firma*. Need I say that I refer to the Sport of Emperors, Kings, Grand Dukes, Noblemen, and the Baser Herd? This Yacht-racing business seems to me a Poor Thing compared with the Diversion of the Turf. From the point of view of an Owner, I consider that the Marine Competitions are ridiculous; from that of the General Public, valueless. Let me illustrate my meaning. A Sportsman such as the Duke of PORTLAND, Mr. HARRY McCALMONT, or Mr. GUBBINS, invests a pile of Spondulicks in buying or breeding and training a Colt of Merit. This animal he enters for all the most Valuable Contests possible. If the Quadruped be of First-rate Quality, he not only recoups his Proprietor for his outlay, but also places many Thousands of Pounds to his credit at his Bankers in *Stakes alone*. I make no reference to profits to be made from the Wagering

Ring. Even a Duke does not object to his Fiscal Account being enlarged, and Millionaires rejoice to be able to alleviate the necessities of their Poorer Brethren with their gains. After his Turf Career is over, the Horse is still remunerative, either as the Progenitor of other Highflyers in Great Britain, or as a Costly Article eagerly sought after by Foreign Governments or American Klondicks. The First-class Racehorse, then, has done more than paid for his Education and Grub. He has been an Investment of considerably more value than one in the Three per Cents. Moreover, he has been "a Boon and a Blessing" to those who have followed his Career, and have not hesitated to stake Coin of the Realm on his chances of Victory.

Let me now turn to the Waves. A Rich Gentleman, partial to Canvas Struggles on the Briny, causes a Yacht to be built, with which he proposes to sweep the Seaboard of its prizes. I am given to understand that, apart from the A or No. 1 Expenditure concomitant with the Construction and Equipment of the Bark, he must spend Ten or Twelve Thousand Golden Shekels

per annum in keeping the vessel going. And what does he win with his Argosy, should she turn out to be an ocean *La Flèche*? Perhaps a few hundreds of pounds, which are handed over to the Greedy Mariners who navigate the Yacht, and a collection of Silver Pots not to be estimated by any Honourable Pawnbroker at one-fourth the value of the Gold Cup at Ascot. As to Bets, they are NIL, except when an inexperienced Sprat like myself is swallowed by a voracious Shark, such as Captain KUTTERION. Pshaw! And of what use is the most famous of these Cutters, Yaws and Schooners after, say, a couple of years, when craft of newer design have clipped her wings? "Firewood" appears to be the only sane answer. Far be it from me to depreciate Yachting as a Pastime like Coaching, Cricket, Football, Quoits, or Shove-halfpenny, but as a Racing Medium—no, Sir, 'tisn't good enough for

Your Devoted Dry-bob,
DARBY JONES.

HISTORICAL EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Answers by Master Bob returning for Holidays.)

Question. Who was JULIUS CESAR? Give some account of his invasion of Britain.

Answer. There was no such person as JULIUS CESAR; and even if he had existed, there would have been no such place as Britain in his time.

Q. Give a short account of the establishment of the Saxons in England.

A. Know nothing about the facts, but fancy they came from Germany.

Q. Who was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

A. Why, the Conquering WILLIAM.

Q. Why was WILLIAM THE SECOND called RUFUS?

A. Because it was a deuced good name for him, and no one could think of any other.

Q. Why was RICHARD THE FIRST called COEUR DE LION?

A. Because it was rather the thing to talk French in those days.

Q. Give a short account of the signing of Magna Charta.

A. It was done with a pen and ink.

Q. What were the Wars of the Roses?

A. Probably the first attempt at a "battle of flowers."

Q. What do you know about HENRY THE EIGHTH?

A. That there were seven other Henrys in front of him, and he had a history.

Q. Who were the STUARTS and what did they do?

A. Most respectable Johnnies. A lot of things.

Q. What gracious remark did CHARLES THE SECOND make on his death-bed, and what occasioned it?

A. "What rot!" And probably he said it because some idiot had bothered him as some other idiot wants to bother me. But he won't! Good-bye.

Had Him There.

Would-be Wag (to Stern Gambler). Now, you're always playing at something. What do you suggest as a good fireside game—"Cricket on the hearth"?

Stern Gambler (promptly). No, Sir; "poker."



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Promoter. "UM ! THEY COST A LOT, BUT I SUPPOSE THEY'RE WORTH IT."

"Kind hearts are less than coronets and simple faith in Norman blood."—(Lady Clara Vere do Vere adapted to the occasion.)

HOUSE VERSUS GROUSE.

THE House is a blank desolation—
Well, this is the moment for me
To startle the slumbering nation,
And let my constituents see
That while others, intent on mere pleasure,
Are tramping the heather for grouse,
I, faithfully watching each measure,
Still stick to my post in the House.

Yet, London is horribly stuffy,
And Members who chance to be there
Are all far too hot and too huffy
To relish my eloquence rare.
What's China, or what's Vaccination?—
Sometimes when addressing the House,
I think there is worse recreation
Than tramping the heather for grouse.

O Duty! O Vaulting Ambition!
How I tremble and crimson and blench
When I dream of a splendid position
On the front ministerial bench.
Yes, office!—Stop!—Hills! Heather blow
ing,
The moor where the hawk strikes the
mouse—
But a title?—Yes, dash it! I'm going—
No, I won't—yes, I will—to the—?

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(Strayed from a *Ladies' Journal*.)

FLOSSIE.—Yes, the tour you sketch sounds delightful, including as it does Paris, Brussels, most of Switzerland, and the Italian lakes. But I'm not sure whether you will be able to accomplish this, as you propose, at a cost of £3 17s. 6d. Your scheme of labelling yourself and travelling by goods train is original, but perhaps not quite feasible. Why not try Southend for this year?

PHILANTHROPIST writes to recommend Sandiford as a delightful holiday resort. The climate is delightful, the scenery lovely, and the accommodation at the "Black Swan" absolutely unrivalled. My readers may place implicit trust in this recommendation, since "Philanthropist" is himself. I understand, the proprietor of the "Black Swan."

RECLUSE.—Yes, I quite understand your wants—some place out of the beat of the ordinary run of tourists, and where you won't be pestered by excursionists. Unfortunately, the only means of finding such a spot nowadays would be to join the next Polar expedition.



SHAKSPHERIAN MOTTO FOR AUGUST 12.

"Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor!"
—*Titus Andronicus*, Act II., Sc. 3.



Mix ("Boots" at the Ballyragg Hotel, knocking at Visitor's door at Four A.M.). "WHAT TOIME WUD YE WISH TO BE CALLED THIS MORRUN', BOSS?"

THE SCHOOLGIRL ABROAD.

[Mrs. CRIGHTON, addressing the girls of Kensington High School, said the study of botany would help them to enjoy the beauties of nature.]

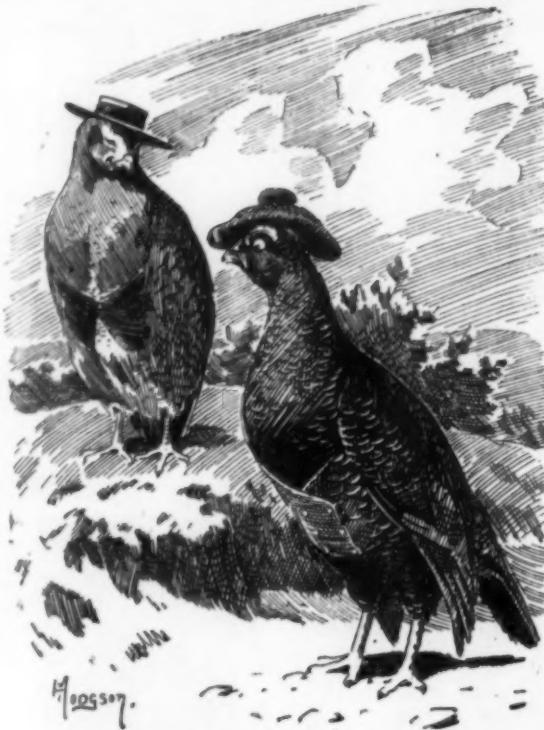
DEAR girl, who profit as you ought
When scientifically taught
By able teachers,
When on your holidays you go,
Nature to your trained eyes will show
Undreamt-of features.

While on some bank of moss or fern
Your sisters idle glances turn,
Then idly press on,
That self-same spot, by you if seen,
Yields to your observation keen
An object-lesson.

You give no vulgar admiration
To wallflower, lily or carnation
That decks the border;
Each flower you skilfully dissect
To wrest its secrets, and detect
Its class and order.

Beside the river bank (poor boy!)
Your brother, with a puerile joy
That never varies,
A primrose plucks—a flower to him—
To you, dear child, it is a *primula vulgaris*.

So not an incident or sight
Shall meet your gaze from morn to night,
But dexterous turning
Therefrom occasions will procure
Of showing off to others your
Superior learning.



ILL-OMENED.

Mr. Grouse (who is being chaffed by his cousin, Mr. Partridge, at the outskirts of the moor). "OH, YES, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO SIT SMIRKING THERE; BUT, I CAN TELL YOU, IT'S DOODED UNPLEASANT FOR OUR BRANCH O' THE FAMILY, THE TWELFTH FALLING ON A FRIDAY!"

Bismarck.

BORN, 1815. DIED, JULY 30, 1898.

PRINCE of the iron heart and iron hand!
Lo, Death, thy single victor in the fight,
Urges against thee now thine own demand,
The claim that Might is Right.

Yielding, thou hast the best of all awards,
Peace from the strife in which thy prime was spent,
Purer than any purchased by the sword's
Bloody arbitrament.

And there thy Kaiser haply thou shalt see,
Dear object of thy high Imperial schemes,
And dearer by the change that banished thee
To memory's lonely dreams.

With him in Europe's history enrolled,
Thy work, the Empire, shall forget thee not,
When those that scorned thy service, being old,
Themselves are clean forgot!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE has been recently brought out by Messrs. GEORGE BELL AND SONS, a most dainty pocket edition, in "one small volume and no more," of HANS HOLBEIN's celebrated *Dance of Death*. With what grim, satirical touch would not HOLBEIN have added an anti-vaccination cut to his series! The introductory note by AUSTIN DOMSON gives additional interest to this livrette *de luxe*.

Excellently got-up, and clearly printed is the very handy series of "The Temple Dramatists," brought out by J. M. DENT & Co. The latest addition to this issue is *Edward the Third*, a play to which it is impossible to doubt that SHAKESPEARE was a contributor. Mr. G. C. MOORE SMITH, the present editor,

is of this opinion, though against him are ranged some of the most learned Shakespearian critics. Act II., Scene 1, is worthy of SHAKESPEARE. The idea of a lover employing a poet to make love for him to his inamorata, is the chief motive of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. A coincidence. King Edward is the lover, and Lodewick is the poet.

K. E. Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Lodewick?
Lod. Ready, my liege.

"Then," says King Edward to him, "drop into poetry" (this phrase does not occur in the play), whereupon Lodewick inquires:—

"To whom, my lord, shall I direct my style?"

Whereupon King Edward tells him to address his poetic effusion to the Countess of SALISBURY; but as it eventuates that *Edward the Third* is a better hand at "lyrics" than the professional gentleman whose services he has engaged, the King, after severely criticizing the efforts of the hired poet, cries,

"Love cannot sound well but in love's tongues;
Give me the pen and paper, I will write."

Just as *Lady Macbeth* impetuously exclaims "Give me the dagger!" We trust there are many more as interesting volumes as this latest production from "The Temple Dramatists."

Something gorgeous in the way of journalism *de luxe* is the English edition of *La Mode Artistique*, entitled, *The Powder Puff*. Queens, Royal Highnesses, Princesses, and Duchesses patronise it, so it requires no "puff" from the Baron, to whom, as a compliment to the Baroness, the number for July has been forwarded. Oh, the wonderful women with the fanciful figures and waspish waists! And the bathing ladies! Why not dress the entire ballet of *baigneuses* in *Les Huguenots* after the fashion shown at page five? Then there's a scene in the *salle à manger* of that hotel in Paris, into which, on account of its ominous name, not even the most unprincipled debtor would dare to venture, *viz.*, the Hôtel "Ritz." The coloured fashion-plates are charming, especially the *toilette de campagne créée pour Madame de P.* (in it *La Princesse de Petits-Pois?*), in which the wearer must feel herself so free and easy, that were she to change her present attitude the effect might be fatal. On second thoughts, this work shall not reach the Baroness's eyes, otherwise there might be a financial crisis in the City. "The Powder Puff, *chez moi*, must be discreetly bestowed, as powder puffs generally are," quoth the judicious

BARON DE B.-W.



EARLY MORNING MARKETING.

Sarah Jans. "I DO BELIEVE, MUM, AS WE'RE THE ONLY LIDIES IN THE PLICE!"



BISMA

JULY 30,

LOND CHARIVARI.—AUGUST 13, 1898.



SMARCK.

JULY 30, 1898.



WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

THE BIGGLESBY FAMILY FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO HAVE THEIR USUAL HOLIDAY AT THE SEASIDE THIS YEAR, BUT WITH THE AID OF A FEW CARTLOADS OF SAND, AND A LITTLE IMAGINATION, THEY MAKE THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES IN THEIR BACK GARDEN.

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

I.

THERE was a Time—inadequately sung—
When this extremely hoary World was
young;
When none had learned, to any marked
extent,
How sweet the uses of Advertisement,
Which, like the ugly toad, as someone said,
Still wears a useful jewel in his head.
Blest Age! ere Modesty was yet a jade,
When even Authors loved the lowly shade;
And sooner would have sunk inside the
tomb

Than urge the loud preliminary boom!
No writer cared to sketch himself from life,
Or tell the World how much he loved his
wife;

No interviewer claimed the current prices
For painting chaste suburban Paradises,—
The lady-novelist among her flowers,
The playwright plotting in his rural bower.
Waiving alike their private woes or whims,
They sat apart composing local hymns;
And called themselves, in fine contempt for
fame,

By HOMER's (or another person's) name.
No publishers would wax exceeding stout,
Because there were no publishers about;
And consequently nobody decreed
What sort of stuff was proper stuff to read.
No enterprising literary sweepers
Assumed the thoughtful air of Men of
Letters,
Or posed as patrons of the gentle Arts
Because they sold a tale in monthly parts.

No rising genius would hang his wall
With ancestors that never lived at all;
Or deem his *penetratia* incomplete
Without a parent made in Wardour Street.
No snob would tell his neighbour Who was
Who,
Because the other party always knew;
And people seldom spoke of blood and birth,
When all were relatives of Mother Earth.
No Baronet was seen to draw his sword
Upon the offspring of a legal Lord;
Or went for bogus Barts, with naked fist,
Seeing that titles did not then exist.
In brief, the Earth was full of fair content
Before the d—l devised Advertisement!

But of the subsequent decline to speak
Will take us more than one ensuing week.
For 'tis, indeed, a very wide, wide World
At which our homely paper-dart is hurled,
Embracing many an intermarried tribe—
The pushing faddist and the puffing scribe,
The leading histrion, the lobby-hack,
The lying sportsman and the social quack,
The climbing orator, the *nouveau riche*,
Le Monde—as we may say—*où l'on s'affiche*.

"Sortes Virgilianæ."

EVIDENTLY, says Our Own Schoolboy,
the poet was prophetically alluding to
vaccination when he wrote,

"Arma virumque cano!"

which, regardless of gender, Our Advanced
Scholar thus translates, "I sing of arms
and virus."

CAGED BIRDS.

[“Do not separate the couples. Give them time to make up their differences, and they will soon settle down.”—*Advice on Canary Breeding.*]

BIRDS in their cages disagree,
And much resemble you and me,
Birds in their cages mope and mew,
Reminding me, my dear, of you.

Birds in their cages pluck out plumes,
First one, and then the other, fumes,
Birds in their cages fret and fuss,
In fact, they quite resemble us.

Birds in their cages take delight,
Like common married folk, to fight,
Birds in their cages, slang to speak,
Come for decisions to the “beak.”

Birds in their cages will at last,
Like us, forget about the past,
Birds in their cages find it best
To live in peace and mind their nest.

ANOTHER “W. G.”—The Great GUNN of Notts. WILLIAM GUNN has been playing for eighteen years in first-class matches. This GUNN ought to be loaded—with honours, before he goes off.

Up and Down.

WELLDON of Harrow resides on a hill,
And till he's a Bishop he'll live there still.
But when he's a Bishop, as Bishop he'll be,
He'll come down the hill and he'll go to
the See.



"I SAY, BILL, WOT 'A PRODIGAL!'"
"WHY, A PRODIGAL'S A SORT O' COVE AS KEEPS ON COMING BACK!"

THE NEW B.A.

THE *Medical Press and Circular* considers that hair-cutting and shaving operations should be conducted scientifically by a barber with "a smattering of anatomy and physiology," and some idea of "manipu-

lating the microscope." A Tonsorial Tripos, to confer the degree of "B.A." or "Barber of Arts," may be expected at Cambridge for the benefit of distinguished foreign artists. The following is the preliminary paper, communicated, under cover, to Mr. *Punch*:-

1. Draw a diagram of the facial tracts, indicating where you usually find the carotid artery and the jugular vein.

2. Show how to probe for the hyoid bone, where the subject has a double chin. Is this operation in all cases really necessary? Give instances where it may be obviated.

3. Point out the advantages of a knowledge of physiology in cranial manipulation; e.g., demonstrate the quickest way (a) to drown, (b) to freeze, a patient while he is being shampooed.

4. What physiognomical peculiarities indicate that a client (i) has cut lectures that morning; (ii) lives over a boot-shop in Green Street; (iii) has fifteen photographs of Miss _____ (the reigning *Varsity* actress) on his mantelshelf?

5. What is the exact phenological meaning of the phrase "to make a bump"?

6. Why is it necessary to use a short-focus object-glass and high-power lens in treating the upper lip of a freshman?

7. How would you manipulate the English language, so as to impart freshness to the statements (i) that a customer's hair is getting thin; (ii) that you have exactly the needful corrective.

8. Give an ocular and oral demonstration on a bald old gentleman's head of your general knowledge of civil engineering, spherical trigonometry, hydraulics, landscape-gardening, phlebotomy and tommy-rotomy.

FABULA NARRATUR DE TEA.—When it was publicly announced that Sir THOMAS LIPTON was building a yacht in order to compete for the America Cup, there was a rush to Mr. *Punch*'s office to suggest something about "hoping there would be no slip 'twixt Cup and Lip-ton." It has been done before, and will probably be perpetrated again. But à propos of Sir THOMAS, would it not be best for him (and for those writing about him), invariably to sign himself, not "Sir THOMAS," but "Sir 'T.' LIPTON"?

IT SOUNDS LIKE IT.—Is "General WHEELER," of whom we have recently heard so much, a distinguished bicyclist?



A RISING WATERING-PLACE.

STON E-BEACH-ON-SEA. THE SEASON MAY NOW BE SAID TO BE IN FULL SWING. THIS MORNING A SINGLE-HANDED NEGRO ENTERTAINER GAVE HIS PERFORMANCE ON THE SANDS TO QUITE FIVE PEOPLE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 1.
—Something truly pathetic about look and bearing of Mr. CALDWELL. Prorogation cannot now be long postponed. If on this day fortnight JAMES were, by force of habit, to take a penny 'bus as far as it would carry him from Holland Road in the direction of Westminster Bridge, intent on holding forth to a witched audience on the subject of the financial relations of England and Scotland, upon fixity of tenure, upon the superannuation of ele-

bloodless character of rules governing debate in House of Commons that a man is positively permitted to make only one speech at the second reading stage of a Bill! It may be as long as he likes, and Mr. CALDWELL, once on his legs, usually likes. But opportunity is strictly defined. When proposal to read a Bill a second time has been made, a Member may move the adjournment of the debate, talking at length thereupon without imperilling his privilege of later delivering another prodigious speech on the main question. So on Saturday, when artless PRINCE ARTHUR put forward second reading of Superannua-

Business done.—Merrily clearing off arrears.

Tuesday.—"What I like about YERBURGH," says SARK, "is his pluck in blurting out to the face of ministers what other of their supporters murmur behind their backs. In club or smoking-room, on Terrace or in the lobby, wherever two or three ministerialists are gathered together, you are sure to hear them speaking disrespectfully of the Foreign Minister, just as if he were the equator. When it comes to debate in the House, they sit silent. If any one ventures to put question to test of vote, they meekly obey gesture of



**Mr. Y-rb rgh. "Well, whatever George Curzon may say, I'll be hanged if I call that an 'Open Door.'"*

mentary school teachers regarded from the point of view of the Scottish law, he would find the door of the House shut in his face.

Close and heavy upon him looms the enforced silence of the Recess. For six long lean months he must needs shut up—at least, as far as public record goes. Remembers the old proverb about making hay whilst the sun shines. Will make speeches whilst the SPEAKER is in the Chair, and eke whilst an entirely unsympathetic Chairman of Ways and Means sits at the table.

Had a rare slice of good luck on Saturday. PRINCE ARTHUR, having spent a cheerful five hours in the Vaccination Hospital, proposed to run School Teachers' Superannuation Bill through second reading. Here was chance an eagle eye trained among the fastnesses of Milton on Campsie swiftly descried. Such is the

Bill, expressing hope that it might be disposed of in a brief space of time, JAMES—our JAMES, Scotland's JAMES—rising like a lark, caroled over the head of the wretched House for full twenty minutes, concluding by moving adjournment of debate.

Hapless ministers, feeling impossibility of keeping House sitting further through Saturday half-holiday, perforce consented. To-day Bill comes up again for second reading. JAMES also up again in his long frock coat, his face fringed with weak wan whiskers that have a curiously bored look, a dumb but eloquent appeal to passers-by to bring along a razor and deliver them.

As SARK acutely says, "We can, and indeed do, flee from the premises when we see JAMES rise. His whiskers must, perchance, remain and suffer."

Whips; not only go into the lobby as directed, but give the Whips silver cigarette-boxes and gold match-boxes for sending them there.

I don't know nearly as much about these (or any other) things as SARK does. Suppose if it came to anything like critical division, YERBURGH would go the whole match-box—that is, he would vote with his party even if he thought his esteemed Leaders were in the wrong. However that be, he to-night stood up boldly to his partners and masters on the Treasury Bench.

One of the veterans amongst them, GEORGE CURZON to wit, was shocked, even deeply pained. What he can't a-bear is the idea of a young Member, well groomed, respectably connected, Major of the second volunteer battalion Cheshire Regiment, one who has enjoyed the advantage of serving as private secretary to AKERS-



JESSE IN THE CHAIR.

Mr. C. I. D. H. L. "Mr. Lowther, Sir——!"

DOUGLAS, but who has never travelled in Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, Siam, Hindo-China, Corea, not to mention the Pamirs, presuming to discuss questions of foreign policy. Worst of it was, YERBURGH showed he had thoroughly studied his subject, was able to express his views cogently, and stood up effectively to PRINCE ARTHUR, JOKIM, and GEORGE CURZON, when in turn they interrupted him. A most promising speech, delivered under exceptionally embarrassing circumstances with regard to hour of night and jaded condition of House.

Business done.—Foreign Office Vote reported.

Thursday.—“Thank Heaven for the House of Lords!” said HARRY CHAPLIN, mopping his massive but heated brow as, just now, he strode forth from the gilded chamber. Truly a great triumph for President of Local Government Board. For weeks been fighting the Anti-Vaccinists at Ephesus—represented at Westminster by the Grand Committee room. Brought in his Bill; triumphantly carried second reading; at later stage clause introduced whereby a man having conscientious scruples might, undeterred by penal consequences, prepare the way for spread of small pox. Electoral exigencies compelled Government surrender. The conscience, or small pox, clause included in Bill and sent on to the Lords. Ministerial majority in that House, regardless of the Whips, scored out the clause.

SARK says it was STANLEY OF ALDERLEY did it. Impossible for the strongest prejudice, the most loyal deference to party ties, to withstand his keen argument, his subtle irony, his flashing eloquence.

I suppose that's so; but I confess I didn't hear a word of the speech. When AILESLEY had finished coughing out his observations, I saw a peer advance to table

on Opposition side. There followed an interval of something like ten minutes, during which noble lords sat in attitude of polite attention. Meanwhile the peer stood at the table, turning his head occasionally from side to side, now and then thumping the table, as if he had suddenly remembered something. Accompanying the pantomime was faint rumbling sound, as if some one was imprisoned in the cellar, and was wanting to know when they would let him out for refreshments. At the end of ten minutes the peer gave the table a conclusive thump and sat down.

I thought he had at last remembered the something he had been groping after. But SARK says it was STANLEY OF ALDERLEY either supporting or opposing the amendment, he didn't know which. However it be, the small pox clause was struck out and CHAPLIN revenged.

Business done.—Government defeated in Lords on Vaccination Bill by 40 votes against 38.

Friday.—FLETCHER MOULTON back again, *vid Launceston*. In erudition, if scholarship, in intellectual force, the House, without taking thought, has added a cubit to its stature. Members all “unionist” in the hope that the brilliant undergraduate, who in his year cleared Cambridge of prizes, and has since captured a foremost position at the Bar, has come to stay.

Business done.—Resolve by 129 against 34 to disagree with Lords' Amendments to Vaccination Bill.

At Canterbury—A Fact.

First Stranger (reading bill). And who are “The Old Stagers”?

Well-informed Visitor. A lot of worn-out cricketers who've had to take to play-acting for a livelihood.

VICTORY (?)

[“The time has now arrived when it is imperative for the I. L. P. to fight to win, and not to lose. . . . Mr. QUELCH scored 270 votes at Reading.”—*Daily Paper.*]

“No longer shall the I. L. P.
Provoke your scorn or pity;
No longer shall the party be
A butt for Pressmen witty;
Another epoch's ushered in;
From this day forward we begin
A new régime—we fight to win!”
Declared the bold Committee.

We heard, and trembling like a flock
Of sheep, some danger dreading,
We wondered for what hidden rock
The country might be heading;
But, blest relief! we breathed anew,
Vanished our fears of revolution
When we learnt how Mr. Q.
Had “fought to win” at Reading.

HANDLING A SPADE IN THE “QUARTERLY.”

—In the *Quarterly* for July, a reviewer, writing on “The Mycenaean Age,” “The Greek Epic,” and other works of light and leading literature, gives his principal attention to “The Spade in Prehistoric Greece.” The interest of the reader is naturally aroused to know whether these *Antiquissimi Graeci* did “call a spade a spade,” or whether they possessed any dexterous receipt for getting themselves out of the difficulty. The learned writer having found “reasonable links,” will no doubt in some future number, while reserving his spade for a trump card, improve the occasion offered by “reasonable links” to discuss Antediluvian Golf. Then as a *sequitur*, Classical Cricket and Phoenician Football.

A CURE FOR THE SCORCHER.

[According to the *Medical Press*, a new disease has been discovered by a French physician, and named by him, “locomotor hysteria.” The principal symptom of this malady is an uncontrollable desire to travel rapidly over the ground.]

DEAL gently, Man in Blue,
Inflict no needless torture
With baton or lasso
Upon the giddy scorchers!
Spare him the prison cell,
The handcuffs and the skilly,
If, minus brake and bell,
He coasts down gradients hilly.
Spare him, I pray, the Law's
Stipendiary terrors,
When once you've learnt the cause
Of headlong 'ARRY's errors.
Hysteria, of the sort
Called “locomotor” tersely,
Has seized the wheelman's sport
Pervasively, perversely.
Insidious, uncontrolled,
The malady has tricked him—
Tis useless then to scold
A neuropathic victim!]

THE GUINNESS DIVIDEND.—Nineteen per cent.! Bravo! Stout and substantial! Noble is this distribution of Guinness! They give away the pounds and let the shillings take care of themselves.

QUERY.—Instead of an Anti-Vaccination Policy, why doesn't the Government adopt an Anti-Vaccillation Policy?

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DEPARTED ERRORS.—‘Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE ; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL.’

‘THOU COMEST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.’

—GENERAL GORDON.

—LORD LYTTON.
—BISHOP HALL.

‘Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.’



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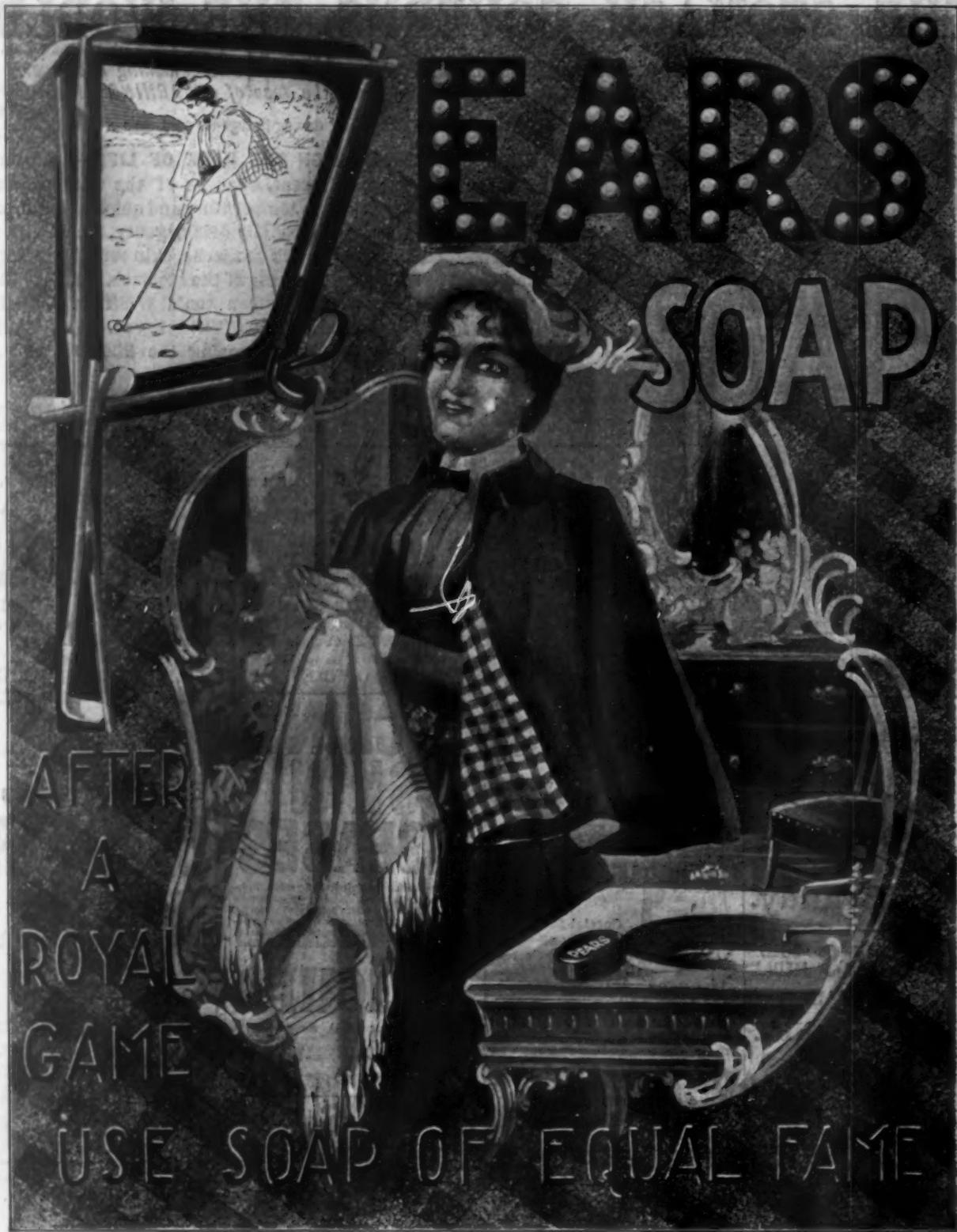
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